

T H E

Shepherd's Evening.

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NOW to pant on Thetis' breast,
 Phœbus blushes down the West,
 And in laughter seems to say,
 Mortals, end like me the day;
 Join, ye merry, rural throng,
 Mirth and music, dance and song;
 Ever happy, ever gay,
 Life is here one holiday.

Nature's free-born subject train,
 Blooming tenants of the plain,
 'Tis for us the goddess spreads
 Verdant meads, and flow'ry beds;
 While the varying seasons flow,
 Beauty bids our bosoms glow.
 Ever happy, &c.

Ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry youth,
 Melt with fondness, warm with truth;
 Sunny vale, and shady grove,
 Echo to the voice of Love;
 And the changeful year supplies
 Pleasure to the heart, and eyes.
 Ever happy, &c.

Far from noise, and pomp, and state,
 Joys and troubles of the great;
 Shelter'd by contentment's wings,
 Here the bird of rapture sings;
 While the God of soft delight
 Glads the noon, and cheers the night.
 Ever happy, &c.

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